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## BEST SPORTING PAGE. IN NEW YORK

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Carefully Prepared "Dope" Up-set by Morris Easily Beating Kennedy.

**BIG TOM** KENNEDY, his father A. C. last night. As the last bell clanged and the shouting crowd was paying its homage to the victor he turned to a friend beside him and said quietly: "I wonder if Tom will stop fighting now?"

For Kennedy was beaten—badly beaten. At that moment he was staggering out of the last ring-up, looking around at his seconds. His feet refused to follow a straight line. His swerved to the ropes, and reeled along them to his corner. Dropping into the waiting chair, he looked across the ring. There Charlie Morris, refusing to sit down, was answering the cheer with an indifferent wave of one gloved hand and with the other reaching for an orange. Kennedy was battered and battle worn. Morris didn't show even so much as a scratch.

The fight upset all of the carefully prepared "dope" of the "wise bunch," for Morris beat Kennedy with ease. At least three times in the ten rounds Big Tom was in danger of being knocked out. Morris was never in danger of anything. It had all been figured out that Kennedy, with his speed and cleverness, would jab the awkward giant at will, make his fight at long range, keep sliding out of danger, and win easily on points. Some even thought that Big Tom would be able to weaken Morris down and then put over a punch that might put him on the floor and keep him there for ten seconds.

But it didn't come out that way. Morris enjoyed the going at long range as well as in the close work. He fairly upboxed Kennedy and in exchanging jabs with him showed superior speed, reach and judgment. Kennedy's jabs missed often; the other fellow's shot straight across as if he were throwing his glove at Kennedy's head. And when they landed Kennedy's head flew back between his shoulder blades. Kennedy had a good punch, but that of Morris was a crusher. Before two rounds had been fought Kennedy showed great respect for that punch. He tried his best to avoid it. And he couldn't.

Morris has improved greatly. He has learned something about boxing. He has quite a little speed. He was trained down to a becoming leanness, but for all that he looked up like a giant beside Kennedy, who was a sinner as a racehorse. His strength told in every encounter. Kennedy's best blows didn't hurt him. Every time the giant big dog landed the lighter man was jarred free his hair to his heels.

In the third round Morris took a big lead. He began rushing Kennedy across the ropes and hooking hard lefts and rights into his body before he could slide away and escape. Kennedy looked as if he knew he was up against a tough proposition. In the fourth Big Tom (who didn't look so big now) was forced to run. If he'd had an acre of ground to step about if he might have kept out of danger, but in that eighteen-foot ring he had no more chance than a man in a bear pit with a bear. Morris caught him without any trouble.

In the fifth and sixth rounds Kennedy became desperate and took the aggressive. He outboxed Morris. It looked as if he might have a chance after all, and the crowd cheered lustily. Kennedy jumped in with swift jabs, hooked hard right when Morris sat him down, drove left and right steadily into his body. But the giant's strength wore him down. Morris was rough, and Referee Dan Tane (who had been chosen in place of Charlie White) cautioned him sharply. Kennedy began clinching to save himself. In the clinch Morris, who refused to hold, used effective upper-cuts.

MORRIS was like a big farmer. He fought hard at times, but failed to follow up his advantages. He was easy going and altogether good-natured. In the seventh round he hammered Kennedy until the latter, bewildered, clinched at every opportunity. When the bell rang he was backed against the ropes and in serious trouble. In the eighth Morris beat him across the ring and back again. Only Kennedy's quickness saved him. He was nearly dropped by a hard left on the chin and had to stall and clinch. Morris was too deliberate, too slow. He had Kennedy beaten—and let him recover. Through the ninth he hardly exerted himself at all, except in the last five seconds of the round, when he sat loose and sent Kennedy staggering again.

The tenth was a hot round. Morris tried to beat his man down and came near doing it. At the end Kennedy was reeling and staggering as best he could while the big man pelted lefts and rights to him and hammered him into corners. The crowd and everything in the club was well handled. Every round was run in a regular manner. But if the manager had been a little more vigilant they might have found a little more room to do afterward. On the stairs leading up to the elevated station and around the ticket office a mob of pickpockets hustled the crowd and reached for pocketsbooks until one was caught in the act; when they jammed their way down the crowded stairway and escaped.



TO THE SURPRISE OF THE SPECTATORS MORRIS HAD ALL THE BEST OF IT AT LONG RANGE.

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